



☆☆ M 480.351 1-16



THE PUBLIC LIBRARY OF THE CITY OF BOSTON  
THE ALLEN A. BROWN COLLECTION

H.S.

Beautifully legible is the handwriting in the autograph manuscript of "Home, Sweet Home," which John Howard Payne, its author, wrote "just before leaving the United States on his last journey to Tunis, where he had been reappointed consul." The manuscript is on Payne's monogram stationery and dated Washington, March 28, 1851. It brought \$600, which was paid by Mr. Madigan. *Madigan Jan 13, 1934*

(From Late Editions of Yesterday's TIMES.)  
**AUTOGRAPHS BRING \$14,903**

Six Letters by Author of 'Home Sweet Home' Sell for \$1,450.

Autographs and manuscripts by famous authors and others brought a total of \$14,903 last night at an auction in the Union Art Galleries, 45 West Fifty-seventh Street.

Six letters written by John Howard Payne, who wrote "Home Sweet Home," were purchased by Gabriel Wells for \$1,450. John Galsworthy's original manuscript of the dramatized version of his story, "The First and the Last," also went to Mr. Wells, the price being \$1,350.

*A. Y. Time March 1, 1934*

*see also (for Dupes)*

*#3-8050.74 = #17-80502730.5*

## Palace in Paris

### 300 Years Old

### to Be Restored

*June 13, 1936 Tran*  
Known as Palais Royal Where

John Howard Payne Wrote

"Home, Sweet Home"

When John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home," wrote "Mid Pleasures and Palaces," he was living in a French palace, the Palais Royal in Paris, which is now to be restored for the International Exposition in 1937. History has it that Payne was disappointed in love during his stay in France, and that fact may have inspired the melancholy of the song.

The palace he lived in is a rectangular building enclosing an old world garden. More than 300 years old, it has had many famous Americans as well as Frenchmen within its doors. There, in the 1770's, John Paul Jones, naval hero of the Revolutionary War, called to visit the Duc de Chartres and was entertained at dinner, during which the duchess gave him a watch which had belonged to her grandfather, a naval commander, and John Paul Jones promised her an English frigate in return. When he returned to Paris later, he presented her with a sword surrendered to him by an English commander.

The Palais Royal is also a famous landmark of the days of the French Revolution. There Camille Desmoulins inflamed the people with a revolutionary speech on July 12, 1789, just two days before the mob destroyed the Bastille. Later the palace was a center of fashion, and it was there that Napoleon used to meet his friends to discuss plans for a new France.





Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2016 with funding from  
Boston Public Library

IN E FLAT

16

# HOME! SWEET HOME,

## Song,

THE WORDS BY

J. H. PAYNE, ESQ.

Public Library  
—of the—  
City of Boston

Music by

8054.201

# SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

*Printed at Hall's.*

*Price 2<sup>s</sup>/=*

London,

ASHDOWN & PARRY, HANOVER SQUARE.

*This Song is published in the keys of E. Eflat & F.*

MASS.

W. G. Preston,  
Dec. 6, 1893

# HOME, SWEET HOME.

SIR HENRY R. BISHOP.

VOICE. *ANDANTE LARGHETTO.*

PIANO-FORTE.

*p* *f*

Detailed description: This system contains the first four measures of the piece. The voice part is a single line with a treble clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a 2/4 time signature. It contains four whole rests. The piano-forte part consists of two staves: a right-hand treble staff and a left-hand bass staff. The right-hand staff begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and features a melody of eighth notes with slurs. The left-hand staff provides a bass line of eighth notes. The system concludes with a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

Detailed description: This system contains measures 5 through 8. The voice part continues with four whole rests. The piano-forte part continues with the same eighth-note accompaniment. The right-hand staff has a melodic line with slurs. The left-hand staff has a bass line. A fortissimo (*ff*) dynamic marking is placed above the right-hand staff in the fifth measure. The system ends with a double bar line.

'Mid plea - sures and Pa - la - ces      though we may roam, . . . Be it

*p*

Detailed description: This system contains measures 9 through 12. The voice part has a treble clef and contains the lyrics: "'Mid plea - sures and Pa - la - ces      though we may roam, . . . Be it". The piano-forte part continues with the eighth-note accompaniment. The right-hand staff has a melodic line with slurs. The left-hand staff has a bass line. A piano (*p*) dynamic marking is placed above the right-hand staff in the ninth measure. The system ends with a double bar line.



e - - - ver so hum - - ble, there's no place like home .! . . . A

charm from the skies seems to hal - - - low us

there, . . . Which seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with else -

*espress.*  
- where. Home! Home! . . . . sweet, sweet

*pp*



*Largo.* *tr*

Home!... There's no place like Home!... There's no place like ....

*colla voce.*

Home! ....

*ten:* *ff* *ff*

*Piu animato.*

An Ex - - - ile from Home, Splendour daz - - zles in vain .... Oh!

*p*

give me my low - - ly thatch'd Cottage a - - - gain! .... The

*tr*

Birds sing - ing gai - ly that came at my call, . . . . Give me

them with the peace of mind dearer . . . . than all.

Home! Home! . . . . sweet, sweet Home! There's

no place like Home! There's no place like Home!

*Largo.* *fr* *ad lib.*

*mf* *colla voce. pp* *ff* *ten:*





# POPULAR CLASSICS

FOR THE

## PIANOFORTE.

N <sup>o</sup> 1	SONATA IN G		HAYDN	4
2	SONATINA IN C	(Op. 37)	CLEMENTI	4
3	POSTHUMOUS RONDO IN B FLAT		MOZART	4
4	SONATA IN D	(Op. 47)	DUSSEK	5
5	SONATA IN G SHARP MINOR		HAYDN	5
6	SONATINA IN E FLAT	(Op. 37)	CLEMENTI	4
7	BOURRÉE IN A MINOR	(Suites Anglaises)	BACH	3
8	SONATINA IN G		BEETHOVEN	2/6
9	ECHO	(From the Partita in B minor)	BACH	2/6
10	SONATINA IN F	(Op. 38)	CLEMENTI	4
11	SONATINA IN F		BEETHOVEN	3
12	SONATA IN C		HAYDN	4
13	PRELUDE & CAPRICE IN C MINOR	(1 <sup>st</sup> Partita)	BACH	4
14	SONATA IN E MINOR		HAYDN	5
15	L'ADIEU		DUSSEK	3
16	TWO MINUETS IN C AND D		BEETHOVEN	3
17	LA CONTEMPLAZIONE		HUMMEL	4
18	ABSCHIED		SCHUMANN	3
19	ALLEGRO, SARABANDE, & SCHERZO IN A MINOR	(3 <sup>rd</sup> Partita)	BACH	4
20	SONATA IN F		HAYDN	4
21	ANDANTE IN B FLAT	(Op. 75)	DUSSEK	4
22	RONDO A CAPRICCIO	(Op. 129)	BEETHOVEN	5
23	SOUVENIR		SCHUMANN	2
24	ALLEGRO, SARABANDE, & PASSACAILLE IN G MINOR	(7 <sup>th</sup> Suite)	HANDEL	4
25	GAVOTTE & MUSETTE IN D MINOR	(Suites Anglaises N <sup>o</sup> 6)	BACH	3
26	ALLEGRO CON BRIO IN E FLAT	(From Sonata Op. 3)	HUMMEL	4
27	SONATA IN D	(N <sup>o</sup> 10)	PARADIES	4
28	DEUX ROMANCES		STEBELT	3
29	PRESTO IN A FLAT	(From Sonata N <sup>o</sup> 6)	HAYDN	3
30	SONATA IN C	(Op. 53)	WOELFL	5
31	SAXON AIR WITH VARIATIONS		DUSSEK	4
32	PASSEPIED	(Partita in B minor)	BACH	2
33	TWO MINUETS IN E FLAT AND C		BEETHOVEN	3
34	RONDO BRILLANT IN B FLAT	(Op. 107)	HUMMEL	4
35	TOCCATA IN A	(From Sonata N <sup>o</sup> 6)	PARADIES	3
36	GIGUE IN F SHARP MINOR	(Suite N <sup>o</sup> 6)	HANDEL	2
37	INVITATION POUR LA VALSE		WEBER	4
38	MINUET & TRIO IN E FLAT		BEETHOVEN	3
39	SONATA IN E		PARADIES	4
40	NOCTURNE IN E FLAT	(Op. 9 N <sup>o</sup> 2)	CHOPIN	2
41	ARIA	(4 <sup>th</sup> Partita)	BACH	2
42	LA GALANTE RONDO	(Op. 120)	HUMMEL	5
43	RONDO BRILLANT IN E FLAT	(Op. 62)	WEBER	4
44	WIEGENLIEDCHEN	(Op. 124)	SCHUMANN	2/6
45	ARIA CON VARIAZIONE IN A	(Op. 107 N <sup>o</sup> 3)	HUMMEL	4
46	OCTAVE STUDY		STEBELT	3
47	TWO MINUETS	(1 <sup>st</sup> Partita)	BACH	2/6
48	POLONAISE IN C	(Op. 89)	BEETHOVEN	4
49	PRELUDE & FUGUE IN D		MENDELSSOHN	4
50	GIGUE IN B FLAT	(1 <sup>st</sup> Partita)	BACH	3
51	MARCHE FUNEBRE	(From Sonata Op. 35)	CHOPIN	3
52	GRANDE POLONAISE IN E FLAT		WEBER	4
53	TEMPO DI BALLO		SCARLATTI	2
54	RONDO PASTORALE	(From Sonata Op. 24)	DUSSEK	4
55	ARABESKE	(Op. 18)	SCHUMANN	4
56	SIX VARIATIONS ON AN ORIGINAL THEME IN F	(Op. 34)	BEETHOVEN	4
57	VARIATIONS IN F MINOR		HAYDN	4
58	GRANDE VALSE IN E FLAT	(Op. 18)	CHOPIN	4
59	IMPROMPTU IN B FLAT	(Op. 142 N <sup>o</sup> 3)	SCHUBERT	4
60	POLACCA BRILLANTE IN E	(Op. 72)	WEBER	4

Selected, edited and fingered by

# WALTER MACFARREN.

LONDON, ASHDOWN & PARRY, HANOVER SQUARE.



# "Home, Sweet Home":

## Melodic Heritage

Transcribed May 5, 1923

# of Two Anglo-Saxon Worlds

**C**ELEBRATION the world over is marking the one hundredth anniversary of "Home, Sweet Home." Not very old, after all, when you consider that the emotions of homesickness, Heimweh, mal du pays, date probably back to Adam and Eve's pained glances at the shut gates of Eden. But old enough to have been coeval with (if not the inspiration of) so many splendid "developments" in real estate, so many building loan companies nobly helping you to "own-your-own," so many ingenious plans for making sweeter and sweeter that little two-room flat with bath and kitchenette. If home has lost nothing of its pristine humbleness, the benefits of modern improvements and the solicitude of a jovial janitor have imparted to it a sweetness exceeding anything imagined by the poet and his generation.

Comparatively few are the people nowadays who inhabit the house of their fathers. All the wider is the appeal of the song in praise of it. Every tongue with a term to express the sense of nostalgia has appropriated tune and words, bodily or in a slightly altered form. That originally it should have been an English ballad, best beloved among the songs of English speaking races, is not surprising.

The Anglo-Saxon, although preëminently a colonizer, a roamer abroad, a trader searching foreign lands and seas, nevertheless holds to his native ways, clings to the thought of his castellated hearth. No matter how far from his shire or spire, he retains a longing for "that happy abode" of his childhood and the vicinity of his baptismal register. Nor is the longing always suppressed, but it seeks utterance in the simple and tender strains of a melody that has become a universal symbol for the aspirations of the human family. And these aspirations will find a voice, even though—viewing the matter dispassionately—there is no gainsaying that frequently it is best to dwell at a reasonable distance from one's own relations, and that true comfort is oftentimes met farthest away from that "village half hid by the woods." But this is intended to be the memorial of a centenary, not a disquisition on the perversities of man.

At a public sale in the Anderson Galleries, New York, on the evening of March 6, 1923, was sold to the highest bidder the autograph score of Bishop's opera "Clari, or the Maid of Milan," containing the song "Home, Sweet Home." It brought \$1500. There must have been at least two people rich in money and sentiment who were eager to carry off the prize.

The lucky winner in the contest, or the man who wanted it worst, was Mr. Hiram W. Sibley, that munificent founder and maintainer of the Sibley Music Library which is attached to the University of Rochester, N. Y. The librarian of the institution, Miss Barbara Duncan, recently advanced to her responsible position after many years of faithful service as custodian of the Brown Music Collection in the Boston Public Library. To her has fallen the honor and proud duty to keep a watchful eye on the treasured manuscript. Thanks to Mr. Sibley's generosity and public-spirit, the score which came to America in 1884, will now securely remain in this country.

"Clari; or, The Maid of Milan," was performed for the first time on May 8, 1823, at Covent Garden, London. Speaking of this première in his annals of the venerable and doomed playhouse, H. S. Wyndham indulges in the following foot-note: "It is sad to relate that the original MS. of the opera, formerly in the possession of the late Mr. Julian Marshall, is now in the United States." How much sadder the author will be when he reflects upon the now assured permanency of so cruel a loss.

But why this note of national grief? Has not America a valid claim to the autograph? The poem of this immortal song was written, not by an Englishman, but by an American, John Howard Payne—although for the sake of truth and fairness be it remembered that the appealing words are but a paraphrase of Thomas Bayly's text which he wrote for the "Sicilian Air" that formed part of the song collection entitled "Melodies of Various Nations" and was published by Messrs. Goulding in 1821. Like many other melodies in this collection, the "Sicilian Air" was arranged, and largely invented, by Sir Henry Rowley Bishop. It was corner-stone, lintel and roof-tree of "Home, Sweet Home."

Anyway, America had its share in "Clari," even if the whole story was "borrowed" from a ballet of the same name which Rodolphe Kreutzer set to music in 1820. Kreutzer is remembered today, not by any of his thirty-odd operas, but only by exercises, caprices and a few concerti for the violin; by a sonata for violin and piano which Beethoven dedicated to him; and by the novel which the late Count Leo Tolstol based on the strange and rather dubious assumption that said sonata is not a piece to be played in a drawing-room before a company of ladies in low-neck dresses. Kreutzer's music for the ballet

of "Clari" was deemed "excellent" by Bishop himself when he attended a performance of it in Paris during his third continental visit, in August, 1822. He wrote in his diary: "This ballet is one of the most interesting I ever saw." Herein he agreed with Payne who, too, had seen it in Paris and turned it first into a play.

Evidently Payne's operatic transformation of the story did not greatly impress the critic who after the London première wrote: "Mr. Howard Payne has taken the trouble to convert a very fine Pantomime into a very indifferent Opera." But the British public wept over it, even as the Parisians had been moved to tears by Mlle. Bigotini's acting. The plot is of the simplest.

Clari, an innocent and trusting country maiden, has been persuaded by a dashing and wily duke to clope from her paternal home and follow him to his chateau, where the marriage ceremony is to crown their happiness. The lover showers his beloved with gifts—the opening chorus is the entrée of the valetaille in Clari's boudoir, delivering costly tokens of the duke's affection—but the plain band of gold is not among them. Clari, overcome with remorse, breaks forth in what is supposed to be a folk-song, in which she laments her folly by extolling the unique advantages of home. At this point the audience is likely to lose control over its lachrymal glands, not to regain it until the final curtain. In fact, the salty flow will pour ever more freely as in the third scene of the first act strolling players, invited to cheer the dejected Clari on her birthday, unwittingly and injudiciously enact a playlet the situations of which are duplicating exactly her own unfortunate plight. When the strains of her very lamentation come from the lips of her counterpart, she can barely hide her anguish. The play becomes reality to her. She rushes forward to stop it at the moment when the father violently denounces his errant daughter. She collapses. As the stage directions have it: "The duke and tenantry stand astonished," which seems natural enough.

In the second act the duke's astonishment has turned to annoyance. He tells Clari bluntly that they can never wed. The action drags along artificially until it receives new impetus by Clari's nocturnal escape. Returned, in the third act, to her paternal roof, paternal curses greet her. But the repentant duke overtakes the bird flown from the gilded cage. He promptly offers his hand and half of all he surveys, which change of mind does not fail presently and pleasantly to affect the irate parent's attitude. "His eyes turned upward, and streaming with tears, and with a choked voice," the father exclaims "Heaven bless ye!" Thus with embraces and a background of merry villagers all wreathed in approving smiles, the last tableau is one profoundly moving and thoroughly satisfying.

To apprehend how far a critic's callousness may go, let us ponder what the London Times had to say after the first performance: "We do not very well understand the morality or the pathos of this scene, but it concluded the piece and was greatly applauded."

The device of the play within the play, precipitating the catastrophe, is the same in Hamlet, in Pagliacci and in Clari. Any one wishing to form a precise idea of just how long a space of time is covered by one hundred terrestrial years should read the dialogue and songs in Clari.

There is interest in examining some of

the contemporary judgements pronounced on Bishop's music. One critic wrote: "We have no belief that Mr. Bishop ever intended that any part of his fame should rest upon this work; it is composed of temporary materials, gathered together with theatrical haste." Stern judge and gentle prophet, could you today name any one among the many, many compositions of Sir Henry that is apt to call for centennial commemoration—save that "Sicilian air" in Clari? Even though we may not express ourselves with certainty on just what were the composer's intentions when he wrote this music, it would seem that he was determined on "putting across" Clari's song of "Home, Sweet Home." He succeeded.

The air appears first, in augmentation, as part of the overture. Next it is sung in its conventional form by Clari. Then it must serve, of course, as climax for the interpolated playlet. The third act brings it as a chorus intoned by the peasants to welcome the penitent daughter (in gingerly six-eight time); and at the very end it reappears (in three-four time) for a last and graceful bow.

Mr. Frederick Corder, in the Musical Quarterly, January 1918, gives poor Bishop a rather severe scolding for having written what amounts to one of the very earliest examples of an opera based on at least one "Leitmotiv." Nor do the rhythmic and harmonic variations to which Bishop subjected the tune in the course of the play seem quite so atrocious as the indignant Mr. Corder would have us believe.

It is plain that Bishop, or someone else, must have thought well enough of the tune, to write, or suggest the writing of, the whole opera round this one melody.

That the music of the opera is mediocre no one will deny. At the time of its first performance it was thought to possess "nothing that is distinguished by originality of conception, ingenuity of adaptation, or elegance of effect." But the verdict was by no means unanimous. One reviewer said: "The overture is a spirited composition à la Beethoven (''). . . In the few bars of adagio, we find an extreme minor third employed in a manner that is new and somewhat foreign to our present feelings." Musical theorists will please take notice.



And who wrote this melody of "Home, Sweet Home"? Certainly not Payne; nor did he hear it trilled "by the sweet voice of a peasant girl" in Italy, as a romantic fable would have us believe, for the weaving of which the poet himself is partly to blame. That this legend will not die is shown again in the more glowing than accurate tributes with which some of our best newspapers are regaling their readers. In the Clari score, made up of the single numbers, the caption title of the song informs us that it was "composed and partly founded on a Sicilian Air by Henry R. Bishop, composer and director of the Music of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden." Mr. Corder, as well as Mr. Richard Northcott in

"Life of Sir Henry R. Bishop," seems satisfied that the "Sicilian air" and its subsequent evolution were wholly the work of Bishop. Mr. Henry Davey, historian of Britain's music, is naturally more guarded and is content with saying that the melody "is almost certainly Bishop's own." When it had achieved instant and phenomenal success, the composer blushing "confessed" that he alone was guilty. As a matter of fact, the tune was in the air. There is a vague resemblance between it and one of the (equally problematical) Maltese Melodies and Norwegian Tunes published (ca. 1805) by Edward Jones, Harp Master and Bard to H. R. II. the Prince of Wales. This resemblance is of no more significance than that with half a dozen genuine folk-songs. Take, for example, the beginning of the refrain in "Home, Sweet Home," with its characteristic upward sweep to the tonic followed by a stepwise descent to the dominant and the drop into the mediant, which is note for note the same as a phrase in "The Last Rose of Summer." The stuff such tunes are made of floats about us everywhere.

The second decade of the nineteenth century witnessed one of those passionate revivals of the folk-song and the belief in the plenary inspiration of "the People." The demand for these vocal gems was larger than the known supply. Publishers (even then) formed alliances with poets and composers, and set up in wholesale manufacture of folk-songs. Mr. Power had Thomas Moore; Messrs. Goulding, d'Almaine, Potter & Co. had Thomas Bayle, the

author of "Rough Sketches of Bath." Mr. Corder concludes "from its extreme rarity at the present day" that the Goulding collection "cannot have sold well." The copy in the Library of Congress (containing all three volumes) came to Washington via Calcutta, India, where it was "imported and sold by James Jacobs." Books are good travellers.

Both publishers, Power and Goulding, had recourse to Bishop for the "Symphonies and Arrangements," though the second one of the Goulding volumes was arranged by Sir John Stevenson. These symphonies, or rather introductions, and postludes were Bishop's forte. In them he gave the reins to his fancy. Nothing more peculiar and inappropriate could well be imagined than for instance the sophisticated introduction and postlude of the original "Sicilian air."

When Moore and Bishop collaborated on the "National Melodies" for Power, the poet wrote to the publisher on May 1, 1821: "Keep Mr. Bishop's learning down as much as you can!" The poet speaks familiar speech. When it came to producing newly "discovered" pearls of folkish melody, Moore and Bishop indulged in a harmless game of mutual deception. Moore, at Power's instigation, submitted his tunes to Bishop for revision; he passed off one of his own as a "Swedish" song, and Bishop thought it "delicious." But the poet had misgivings about the imposture and wanted to call it a "Moorish" air! When Bishop's turn came to own himself fashioner of one of these jewels, Moore—a trifle incredulous and disdainful—wrote to Power on July 8, 1822: "That air (which I had not the slightest idea was Bishop's) has been floating in my memory for many, many years." Precisely; there is a similarity of cast, a propinquity of inflect in so many of these genuine and spurious folk-songs, that the tune is practically shaped and on the point of birth long before it is put to paper. The embryology of folk-music is a fascinating study.

None of which should detract from the merit of Bishop's setting of Payne's words, or of Payne's adaptation of Bayly's words to Bishop's revised tune. Words and music, in this case, are inseparable. It is due to the American John Howard Payne as much as to the first knighted musician of Great Britain if the world is celebrating the one-hundredth anniversary of "Home, Sweet Home" as of something still fresh and alive in millions of hearts.

The one who sang "Home, Sweet Home" on the night when it first saw the footlights at Covent Garden was the performer of Clari, Miss Maria Tree. This young singer whose merits had "already raised her to a high degree of favour with the public"—as a contemporary reviewer said—made her auspicious debut in 1820. She had three gifted sisters, the oldest of whom was Mrs. Quin, a famous English dancer. Anne, according to Joseph N. Ireland, "had a line of singing parts and chambermaids peculiarly her own, while Miss Ellen (later Mrs. Charles Kean) in her earlier days was recognized as the most finished walking lady and the most promising high comedienne of the times."

Maria's voice compared favorably with "that of her coadjutor, Miss Stephens"—incomparable Kitty!—but it still lacked volume and sweetness. By 1822 Miss Tree's singing had much improved and she was "every night confirming the favorable impression she made upon the public as a dramatic singer." Leaving aside the question of the real authorship in the tune of

"Home, Sweet Home," one gallant first-nighter wrote: "Come whence it may, we know not any land, however favored by Phœbus, that can produce a chauntress to sing it with the same feeling and taste that so highly distinguished its performance by our charming country woman, Miss M. Tree."

Maria owed her chance thus to immortalize herself to the fact that in 1823, the year of "Clari," extraordinary Kitty Stephens was no longer a member of the Covent Garden company. Kitty, aged nineteen, had appeared on that stage for the first time on September, 1813, as Mandano in "Artaxerxes." Her salary was £12 a week, half of which went into the pockets of her singing teacher, Mr. Welch, although her earlier training under Signor Lanza, from her twelfth to her seventeenth year, had laid the real foundation to her art. Her weekly salary had gradually been increased to £20. In 1822 she asked for a raise of £5. Since one of the agreements between actors and management of the theatre was that if the salary of one member should be raised, those of all the others were to be correspondingly augmented, the increase was diplomatically offered to her in the form of a "bonus!" Kitty would have none of it. Emboldened, she retorted with a demand of £10 for each performance, or the unprecedented salary of £60 a week. The management's reply was brief and in the negative. Whereupon Miss Stephens left Covent Garden. Breaking a long-established tacit pact, she offended all professional ethics by going straight into the enemy's camp: Mr. Ellison, the manager of Drury Lane, was only too glad to welcome Miss Stephens on any terms.

The spoiled prima donna acted rather ungratefully. Her colleague, Mrs. Salmon, told William Gardiner that Mr. Thomas Harris, the patentee and chief proprietor of Covent Garden, had stipulated with the musical director that Miss Stephens should have the choice of all the songs in Handel's oratorios, whether for soprano or bass, as being "the first singer" in England. "Of course," Mrs. Salmon added, "I am obliged to take up what Miss Stephens pleases to reject."

Old Thomas Harris was very much concerned about the music for his theatre. In February, 1818, when Bishop was writing music to Thomas Dibdin's "Zuma, or the Tree of Health," Harris asked for advance samples from the score "for my daughter Fanny to play to me." He had decided views in the matter of songs and who should sing them. Annexation and interpolation of musical numbers would be unhesitatingly suggested by him to author and composer if he thought it in the interest of the box office. On one occasion he wrote: "I remember a most beautiful air of Mazzinghi's in Cobb's 'Ramah Droog,' beginning 'Happy were my days'; it never failed to electrify the audience and was a great support to the piece. If Braham or rather Kitty had it, with appropriate words, its success would be certain." Note the "rather Kitty." Moreover, why not learn from these older and wiser ways? It might prove of great help to a budding school of operatic composers if in their works they were to include such favorites as the "Evening Star" and the Anvil Chorus "with appropriate words."

Thomas Harris died in 1820. After the retirement of his son and successor, in 1822, the managing committee under the direction of Charles Kemble evidently failed to instruct the musical director with regard to Kitty's privileges. No wonder that, when on top of this she was refused the raise, she bolted. At Drury Lane her employment was not so congenial as it had originally been at Covent Garden. Opportunities to shine were fewer. The provinces with their spectacular and gargantuan festivals, however, were a never failing field of new successes. Kitty was quick in discerning the value of "Home, Sweet Home" for these occasions. She took it up at once and made it, after all, her song.

At the first opportunity Miss Stephens had, the York festival of 1823—and no musical festival of the times was possible without her—she sang Bishop's and Payne's new ballad. The musical dechauch at York lasted from Tuesday, September 23, to Friday, 26, with performances in the morning and evening. Nineteen thousand five hundred tickets were sold. "Home, Sweet Home" appeared on the programme of the Thursday night concert. It was sandwiched between a Violin Concerto of Viotti's, played by the second concertmaster Morl, and "Robin Adair" with variations, sung by Mme. Catalani.

Measure the fortitude of your ancestors when you consider that, besides these three numbers, at the same concert were performed: Beethoven's C minor symphony, immediately followed by "Charlie is my darling," sung by Miss Travis; also the Egmont overture; also five excerpts from operas by Rossini, among which the Cenerentola overture, and the "Largo al factotum" sung by Sig. Piacci; also the whole finale from Mozart's Figaro, plus the Non piu andrai sung by Catalani; also two glees for men's voices; also a Venetian air arranged by Boehsa and sung by Mrs. Salmon; also a Fantasia for French horn played by Sig. Puzzi; also an aria by Muzio Clementi; also a song by Dr. Pepusch: the whole topped off with "God save our gracious King," vociferated by

Mme. Catalani who achieved the distinction of making herself heard above the entire "supporting" soloists, chorus, organ and orchestra. And this, brethren, was a short concert. The affair on Friday morning, with all the encores, lasted nearly seven hours.

Catalani had the strongest voice. Mrs. Salmon's was the finer quality of tone and higher polish of execution. Now meditate this appraisal of Miss Stephens: "She has a voice at once so rich and smooth that it seizes upon the ear, whilst the purity and propriety of her style is in perfect accordance with the national estimate of what the English alone can appreciate, because it forms the basis of their natural character, and with a trait which is emphatically their own, namely with chaste singing."

Reduced to simpler language, Miss Stephens, the Briton's favorite of a hundred years ago, like Miss Mary Pickford, the world's favorite of today, was probably the apotheosis of sweet dulness. Indeed, one traitor to his country is said to have remarked of our chaste idol—Miss Stephens, not Miss Pickford—"there she stands, as insipid as a boiled pig!"

A few days after the York festival, in 1823, Kitty sang "Home, Sweet Home," at Birmingham. That feast lasted from the 7th to the 10th of October. Artists and programmes were much the same as at York. "The portions best received were principally English, and above all Bishop's most touching ballad of Home. It was loudly encored." Song and singer became almost inseparable. When Mme. Catalani at the Newcastle festival, October, 1824 (despite the presence of Catherine) in some unaccountable way managed to sing "Home, Sweet Home," the papers boldly announced that it "was a failure." How Kitty must have chuckled. She was too firmly enthroned to fear a usurper.

Not so firmly, however, that some rebellious spirit did not try to tug the purple mantle from at least one of her shapely shoulders. While in 1828 "to English ears she is yet the first of English singers," there is growing discontent over her selections. Of the festival in Derby we read: "Miss Stephens sang very sweetly throughout, but why, fair lady, are we forever and ever to have 'Rest, warrior, rest,' and 'I've been roaming'?" It was asserted that she abused the portamento. Should we give credence to the malcontent who accused her of occasionally singing flat?



The everlasting repetitions, the little mannerisms, the swerving from the pitch, may have irritated the critic; the public remained unaffected by them. Kitty was an institution. Her voice still was lovely; it still reached easily to D above the staff. Besides, she was comely. When George Harlow painted her portrait she can have been little more than twenty. A reproduction of it adorned *The European Magazine* and *London Review* for January, 1818, as illustration to an article on the fair sitter. She had a singer's throat, full, squarely set; dark eyes and curls; a slightly tilted-up nose; and prettily pouting lips. The artist put animation into her face, a mischievous little smile. As a singer she is said to have been rather frigid, but "in private society she threw off every tinge of coldness." John Jackson, R. A., painted her when she was a little more mature. His portrait of her hangs in the National Gallery, London. Apparently she had the secret of preserving voice and looks alike. Both exercised their spell.

One gentleman was for a long time constantly seen at her performances, seated in a front row. He followed her from festival to festival through the provinces to Ireland and back to London. He could not find the courage to speak to her, much less propose. His days ended in a lunatic asylum. At first Lord Milton, then His Grace the Duke of Devonshire was for a while in assiduous attendance upon Kitty. But her heart was undecided. Still, she got into Burke's Peerage.



Apollo's crown was not all that a kind fate had destined for this daughter of a carver and gilder in Park Street, Grosvenor Square. Born in 1794, "lucky Kitty Stephens" was forty-four years old when in 1838 the fifth Earl of Essex—a widower variously reported as being then anywhere between sixty-eight and eighty-two years old—married her and placed a coronet on her curls. He had long been her ardent admirer, but his joy in the possession of the nation's darling was to be short; he died the next year. Although it had been said of her that on the stage "for great ladies she was not well suited, either in person,

voice or style," she spent half of her life as the Dowager Countess of Essex, reaching the more than biblical age of eighty-eight. She died, Feb. 22 1882, at her town house in Belgrave Square.

Great lady or not, gilder's daughter or countess, there must have been something peculiarly charming, something unequivocally British in her nature and manner. On June 13, 1811—Kitty was three months short of twenty and had barely calmed down from the flutter attending her debut—the Allied Monarchs, the Emperor of Russia and the King of Prussia, were seated with their royal host in the royal box at Covent Garden, and were treated to a cantata, "The Grand Alliance," arranged for the occasion and conducted by Bishop, in celebration of Napoleon's defeat and banishment to the island of Elba. At this performance, the honor of impersonating Great

Britain fell to little Kitty. She had the distinction of singing the final solo, *Rule Britannia*, and warbling the last notes of the cantata to the words: "Welcome, heroes, to our Isle, Thus may concord ever smile"—the smile that would come off.



"Home, Sweet Home" brought luck to everyone except its authors. Payne's checkered career came to an end in 1852, far from his home land, in Tunis, where he was American consul. Other literary men, who have been in the American consular service were Hawthorne, in Liverpool; Howells, in Venice; Bret Harte, in Crefeld and Glasgow; Thayer, the biographer of Beethoven, in Trieste. Stendhal played at French consul in Civita-Vecchia; the remarkable Richard Burton was

British consul in Brazil; Fernando Po, Damascus and Trieste. Payne was sent twice to Tunis; the second time never to return alive. He was buried in Africa; but in 1883 his body was brought to America for burial in Washington.

On the morning of the day on which Bishop died, the *London Times* published an appeal for the subscription of funds to aid the composer, who was "laboring under pecuniary embarrassment." That was April 30, 1855; Bishop died of "cancer of bladder and atrophy of kidney," his unhappy home wanting the wife and mother to bring solace to his last hours.

Bochsa—harpist, composer, forger, plagiarist, and adulterer—who had been the first to make an instrumental arrangement of "Home, Sweet Home," in the year of its publication, somewhat accumulated the air in the Bishop household when in 1839 he

eloped with Bishop's second wife, the singer Anna Rivière. Mme. Bishop was twenty-nine, Bochsa was fifty, or only three years younger than Bishop. The lady's conquest by "the old harpist Bochsa" leaves Mr. Corder nonplussed; says he seriously: "And when one thinks of the many brilliant songs Bishop wrote for his wife, while Bochsa's attempts at composition were—but there! There is never any sense or reason in these things." As if conjugal felicity depended on the brilliance of the partners' musical contributions.

The eventful life of Anna Bishop is well known: her wanderings round the globe, her love for New York, her death there in 1884. After she left her husband and three children, she cut all ties with her family—but continued to sing "Home, Sweet Home" to the delight of uncounted thousands. She sang in February, 1873, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in a performance organized to collect money for a memorial of John Howard Payne in Prospect Park. The tradition passed on from Maria, Catherine and Anna to others. It was generally at an advanced hour of the night when a breathless audience would listen, as to the last one in a generous group of encores, to "Home, Sweet Home" sung by Jenny, Adelina and Marcella; and they are but the most illustrious. The song was imitated. People loved their homes with a fervor and songfulness never equalled. In "The Nightingale Melodies, or Jenny Lind Minstrel" of 1850, you will find, among other allied topics: Dear Native Home; My Home, My Happy Home; My Switzer Home; My Native Hills; My Own Native Land; The Home of My Childhood's Days—a veritable orgy of sweet sentiment.

The *Musical Quarterly Review*, in 1824, wrote in an article on Bishop's music as follows: "Twenty of his pieces we know to have worn out three sets of plates, and of 'Home, Sweet Home' written only last year no less than thirty thousand copies have been sold." Mr. Northcott says: "No fewer than one hundred thousand copies of the music were sold during the first year, but Bishop was paid only £20 for his share of the immortal work." Do these figures refer to Great Britain or are they supposed to include America?

Seven months after the London première "Clari" was given for the first time in New York, at the Park Theatre (Nov. 12, 1823). Mr. Pearman who at Covent Garden had "created" the part of "Jocoso, Valet to the Duke" was touring the States and probably brought the music of "Clari" with him. The libretto was advertised "among new dramatic pieces just published" in the *New York Statesman* as early as October 28. This American edition of the libretto contained the London cast. In announcing the play for Mr. Pearman's fourth performance, his vocal soli were temptingly enumerated; so were those of Mrs. Holman in the part of the maid Vespina (not, as Mr. Northcott erroneously states in the title-part). Clari was sung by a Miss Johnson, probably the later Mrs. Hilson, long the ornament of the Park Theatre. Miss Johnson, "then in the full pride of her youthful beauty" was "very affecting." But of Clari's ballad not a word. The play was repeated on Monday, November 17, "having been received with the most decided approbation," as the advertisement in the *Statesman* said. The visitor from London had promised, for his benefit night on the twentieth, "The Siege of Belgrade," but instead a third performance of Clari became necessary "by particular desire." In this announcement Clari and her performer were altogether omitted!

From New York, Pearman went to Philadelphia, where he introduced the novelty. William B. Wood, Philadelphia manager, wrote, in his "Personal Recollections of the Stage" that "by one of those amusing blunders which still are common, the bill announced all the music except 'Home, Sweet Home,' one of the sweetest things in it." Perhaps it was intention rather than a blunder. For it was distinctly Mr. Pearman's party; and he was one of the first actors to travel the land as a "star."

In spite of the fact that the performances of Clari in America, that season, were far from numerous—*Undine*, or *The Spirit of the Waters*, for instance, was much oftener on the billboard—and notwithstanding the studious ignoring of "Home, Sweet Home" in all the advertisements the song must have immediately found favor with the public in New York and Philadelphia and Boston, and had done in London and the provinces. Witness the American reprints of "Home, Sweet Home" which began to appear early, and rapidly multiplied. Counting these reprinted editions, Mr. Northcott's figures for the sale of the first year would not seem impossible.

Can anyone estimate the number of times the song has been printed since?

CARL ENGEL.

Originally Sung May 8, 1823, in the Opera, "Clari, or The Maid of Milan"



A shrine of music will be erected to the memory of Stephen C. Foster, famed composer of songs, in his birthplace, Pittsburg, Penn. It will stand in the heart of the city's widely-known "cultural center," and will be a unit of remarkable architectural grouping of which the Cathedral of Learning—the 42-story University of Pittsburg College building—will be the dominating feature.

The project has been locally conceived and planned, but since Foster and his songs are known and loved throughout the world, this memorial will belong to the Nation, and music lovers and music associations will have the opportunity to participate in building it. Foster's melodies are more widely known, both in this country and abroad, than those of any other American composer, and his best songs are generally accepted as genuine folk music. Like many another genius, Foster received small monetary reward for his music and suffered great hardships during his lifetime, but he left a name that, perpetuated through his songs and monuments like the shrine in Pittsburg and the "Old Kentucky Home" at Bardstown, will go down through the ages as one of the worth-while glories of America.

June 2, 1929 Globe

## MRS. GUSTAVE BUEK, OWNED PAYNE SHRINE

She and Husband Restored the  
'Home, Sweet Home' Cottage

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES

EAST HAMPTON, L. I., Feb. 13.—Mrs. Hannah Louise Valentine Buek, widow of Gustave F. H. Buek, who at his death in 1927 was president of Alco Gravures, Inc., and vice president of the American Lithographic Company of 466 Clason Avenue, Brooklyn, died at her Summer home here last night after a heart attack. Mrs. Buek was born on Feb. 14, 1852, in Brooklyn.

Mr. and Mrs. Buek came to East Hampton thirty-five years ago and in 1909 purchased the childhood home of John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home." They bought authentic furnishings of the Payne period including a \$10,000 lustre ware collection and many Payne relics and were responsible for establishing the "Home, Sweet Home" cottage as a shrine to Payne. During all the years they lived there the house was open to visitors. After Mr. Buek's death in 1927 the property was purchased for \$60,000 by the village of East Hampton and is now maintained as a museum.

2-14-41  
Mrs. Buek is survived by four nieces, Mrs. Jessie McGechin and Mrs. Thomas F. Nostrand of Brooklyn, and Mrs. W. W. Griffin and Miss Nettie L. Boell of Richmond Hill, Queens.

A funeral service will be held Saturday in Brooklyn, followed by cremation. Mrs. Buek's ashes will be brought to East Hampton in the Spring to be placed in South End Cemetery where Mr. Buek is buried.

## HOME SWEET HOME WINS WORLD HONOR

Flowers of Nations Will Be Laid  
Memorial Day on Tomb of  
John Howard Payne.

FORGOTTEN FIFTY YEARS

Pilgrimage to Cemetery in  
Georgetown Will Pay Homage  
of Grateful Mankind.

May 29, 1934

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES

WASHINGTON, May 28.—All the world has sung "Home, Sweet Home," yet its composer, John Howard Payne, playwright-adventurer, has slept for half a century in a forgotten tomb at Oak Hill Cemetery in Georgetown, the oldest section of Washington.

The creator of that immortal song, who once roamed the earth like a lost soul from New York to Africa and from London to Georgia, and who, during seventy-two romantic years of life, was in turn, journalist, playwright, fighter and diplomat, is finally to be honored with an international floral tribute on Memorial Day.

In the ancient cemetery, Church, State and civil dignitaries will gather around the grave, piled high for the first time with flowers from countless grateful people the world over. They will render homage to the memory of a man who made life just a little brighter with his song.

That brief service, planned with deft simplicity, will unfold the story of Payne's eventful life.

John Howard Payne, though he immortalized home and family, never had either. Born in New York, 1791, the son of an underpaid school teacher, he started out for himself on a packed career, as a grocery store clerk. He died while American Consul-General to Tunis, on the shores of then darkest Africa, in 1862. He lay, for twenty-one years, under a marble slab in the desert.

Actor and Playwright Afield.

Payne had a flair for writing. His store clerk career terminated abruptly in favor of the pen. Meeting with considerable success, he determined to move a step higher and became a publisher. With the financial aid of admirers a magazine—his own—the first New York Mirror—was started.

However, it proved to be no bonanza. On the advice and with the aid of his cronies he went to college and studied English and philosophy. Soon his restlessness won again. This time it was the stage. His talents won him the title of "America's outstanding boy-actor."

To keep journalistic touch, Payne engaged in correspondence with the leading literary men of the time, among them Washington Irving. They encouraged him to go to England for a theatre career. Accordingly, Payne packed his bags and turned his back on his American reputation.

The next years were spent traveling, on foot and horseback, through England and Europe, writing newspaper stories, essays and plays, and selling them for what they would bring. Gradually he closed the circle of his wanderings, finally centring in Paris and London. His literary life produced sixty-three plays, many running for years after his death.

In England he met Mary Shelley, widow of the poet, with whom he fell in love. Years wooing were futile. He could never reconcile roaming and marriage. He also had numerous other heart affairs, but remained a bachelor.

Premiere of Song In 'Clari.'

Despite his tremendous literary production, Payne was something of a bon vivant and was always in financial difficulties. In 1823, living in Paris, enjoying the respect of the theatrical world, he was without \$59 with which to pay back

room rent. At the right moment, Convent Garden agreed to produce his half-finished operetta, "Clari," if he could complete it quickly. That didn't take long.

In producing speedy melodies he recalled an old Italian folk song heard the year before. Its haunting plaintiveness fitted into his mood, a mood of longing for the old vine-covered home on Pearl Street in New York, the scene of his childhood. He jotted it down on an envelope back. Then he wrote a lyric praising "Home Sweet Home" and sent it to his friend, Sir Henry Bishop, an eminent English musician, who polished up the rough draft.

At "Clari's" premiere in Convent Garden, Maria Tree, a popular English actress, stopped the show with "Home Sweet Home." The song brought twelve encores.

Within a few months the song, translated into many tongues, swept over the world. Payne, unable to protect his rights, saw his song pirated everywhere by promoters. Years later he said:

"How often have I heard people singing or playing it without having a shilling to buy myself a meal or a place to lay my head."

Sung by Patti to Lincoln.

In contrast to the financial reward, the masterpiece's popularity grew. Talented singers learned that it was the most effective concert song. The great Adelina Patti sang it for war-warrior Lincoln at his request. She saw Lincoln wiping his eyes as she sang. Thereafter it ended every Patti concert.

In 1835 Payne's love of home prompted him to champion the Georgia and Tennessee Indians when the government proposed to move 17,000 of them from their ancestral lands to a reservation further west. He pow-wowed with big chiefs, urged them not to move, and told officers of the white soldiery they had no right to move them.

Payne was blamed for fomenting the resulting strife and was arrested. His captors favored hanging, but calmer counsel prevailed and the playwright was thrown into prison.

Weeks later his friends obtained his release and persuaded President Fillmore to make him Consul at Tunis. There he lived out his days among the slave-owning Mohammedan descendants of Carthage.

Twenty-one years after his death, in 1862, W. W. Corcoran, Washington philanthropist, conceived the idea of bringing the composer's body from its desolate African tomb to the land of his birth.

One day he heard the Marine Band playing "Home, Sweet Home" in honor of a returning Arctic explorer. Immediately he gave orders to have Payne's body brought to Washington and buried at Oak Hill Cemetery. There John Payne rests in peace, while his song stirs the hearts of mankind.

## PAYNE'S DAY

'Home, Sweet Home'  
At East Hampton

June 4, 1939

Special to THE NEW YORK TIMES

EAST HAMPTON.—The first National Home, Sweet Home Day, inaugurated to honor the memory of John Howard Payne—author of the song—and perpetuate the tune that has brought tears to the eyes of thousands of wanderers, will be celebrated here in East Hampton next Friday.

At 4 o'clock on that afternoon, townspeople will gather upon the lawn of the little house on Main Street in which Payne was born, for another of the simple ceremonies which have been a local feature for years. This year, although the event has taken on a national significance, the event is to be as informal and friendly a gathering as ever.

Shortly after the close of school the children of the town will assemble and proceed to the original "Home, Sweet Home," where their elders will await them. Mayor Judson L. Bannister will speak to them briefly, and then introduce Judge Samuel Seabury, who will deliver the principal address. At the conclusion of Judge Seabury's talk the children will sing "Home, Sweet Home," and what might be designated as the formal aspect of the celebration will be concluded.

For those present, however, the program will not be complete until they have seen the inside of "Home, Sweet Home," which the town of East Hampton now maintains and has opened to the public. The house is weatherworn and there are no records to show the exact date of its construction.

A portrait of Payne at the age of about 59—just before his reappointment as American Consul at Tunis, Africa—hangs over the fireplace. Directly below hangs the official sword he carried at all diplomatic functions.

Friday night, between 8 and 8:30 o'clock, daylight time, the house will figure prominently in a "Home, Sweet Home" broadcast. The program will include a special commemorative drama and a musical tribute to Payne. During the day and evening, musical associations and clubs throughout the country have agreed to play and sing the song.



# Congress Library Gets 'Home Sweet Home' Original

Gift of British Embassy Attache Includes Two  
Additional Stanzas Never Intended

For Publication

July 22, 1929

[Special Dispatch to The Herald]

WASHINGTON, July 21—A manuscript of extraordinary interest has been deposited in the Library of Congress by Leander McCormick-Goodhart, commercial secretary of the British embassy, the verses of "Home, Sweet Home," by John Howard Payne, in the author's own handwriting. It contains two additional stanzas, never printed by the author, nor intended for publication, but added by him, with a personal touch, when presenting an autograph text of the famous song to one of his friends, a lady in London. The manuscript was placed on public exhibition at the Library this afternoon for the first time.

The woman to whom the manuscript, with this significant addition, was addressed, was Mrs. Joshua Bates, who was born Lucretia Augusta Sturgis, wife of a celebrated banker in London, a partner in the house of Baring Brothers, but a native, as was also his wife, of Massachusetts. This explains the contrast so feelingly drawn in the final stanza, between the prosperous exile in London of Mrs. Bates and the vicissitudes that had marked the life of the poet, ever since he left America in 1813.

## NEVER HAD REAL HOME

It was a poignant fact of Payne's life that after his early days of boyhood he never had a real home.

The immortal song, better known perhaps than any other among English speaking people, was written in

Paris as one of the songs in the opera "Clari," of which Payne wrote the libretto. The opera was first performed on May 8, 1823, at the Covent Garden Theatre, London, and the song was then first sung in public. The music, composed by Henry Bishop, director of music at that theatre, was adapted from a Sicilian air which, according to Payne's own account, he had heard a peasant girl sing on a country road in Sicily. The manuscript which Mr. McCormick-Goodhart has deposited in the Library of Congress is dated Sept. 18, 1829, from 29 Arundel street, Strand, London, and is introduced by the following words:

"I comply with your most complimentary request and write the words of 'Sweet Home' in your valuable little book. I have added a few words more, addressed to you. It would have been more pleasing to me if I could have had time to contribute something worthier of my friendship for you, but what this trifle wants in poetry, you will do me the justice to believe is made up in truth."

Mr. McCormick-Goodhart's purpose in generously sharing this interesting treasure with the Library of Congress and those who frequent it, is that the sentiment which has so endeared the song to many millions of hearts may be brought forcefully to the minds of the visitors.

The added stanzas, hitherto unprinted, are as follows:

To us, in despite of the absence of years,  
How sweet the remembrance of home still appears!  
From allurements abroad which but flatter the eye  
The unsatisfied heart turns and says with a sigh:  
Home, home! Sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home!  
There's no place like home!

Your exile is blest with all fate can bestow—  
But mine has been chequer'd with many a woe!  
Yet though different our fortunes, our thoughts are the same  
And both as we dream of Columbia exclaim:  
Home, home! Sweet, sweet home!  
There's no place like home!  
There's no place like home!

THE CELLAR DOOR OF "HOME, SWEET HOME"



Grave

Oct. 4 1936 The Payne Memorial, which is now a shrine that thousands visit yearly, was purchased by the people of East Hampton village in 1929, for a public museum. It is a typical, truly American home, appealing both to the artist and the home-maker.



This one-time home of John Howard Payne, the eminent composer of "Home, Sweet Home," is located in East Hampton, Long Island. It was built about 1660 and is notable, not only for its association with the song, but as remarkably unspoiled example of pure New England architecture. The historic house is now a Payne Memorial.

It was this gray-shingled cottage at East Hampton, Long Island, of which John Howard Payne, homesick in Paris, dreamed about, when he wrote his immortal "Home, Sweet Home."



### A PORTRAIT OF PAYNE

An early painting of John Howard Payne, who composed the immortal "Home, Sweet Home," it is said, in his Paris lodgings, during a period of homesickness and depression. Payne was an actor, editor, poet and playwright. The famous old song was first sung as an aria in an opera to music from a Sicilian air.

### Stobe oct 4 - 1936 AN IMMORTAL SONG

"Mid pleasures and palaces though we may roam  
 Be it ever so humble, there's no place like home,  
 A charm from the skies seems to hallow us there,  
 Which, seek thro' the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere.  
 I gaze on the moon as I tread the drear wild,  
 And I feel that my mother now thinks of her child,  
 As she looks on that moon from our own cottage door,  
 Thro' the woodbine whose fragrance shall cheer me no more.

An exile from home, splendor dazzles in vain,  
 Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again,  
 The birds singing gaily that came at my call,  
 Give me them and that peace of mind dearer than all.  
 Home, home, home sweet home,  
 Be it ever so humble,  
 There's no place like home.





'Mid pleasures & palaces though we may roam  
Be it ever so humble, there's no place like Home!  
A charm from the sky seems to hallow us there  
Which, seek through the world, is ne'er met with elsewhere!

Home, home! sweet, sweet Home!  
There's no place like Home!  
There's no place like Home!

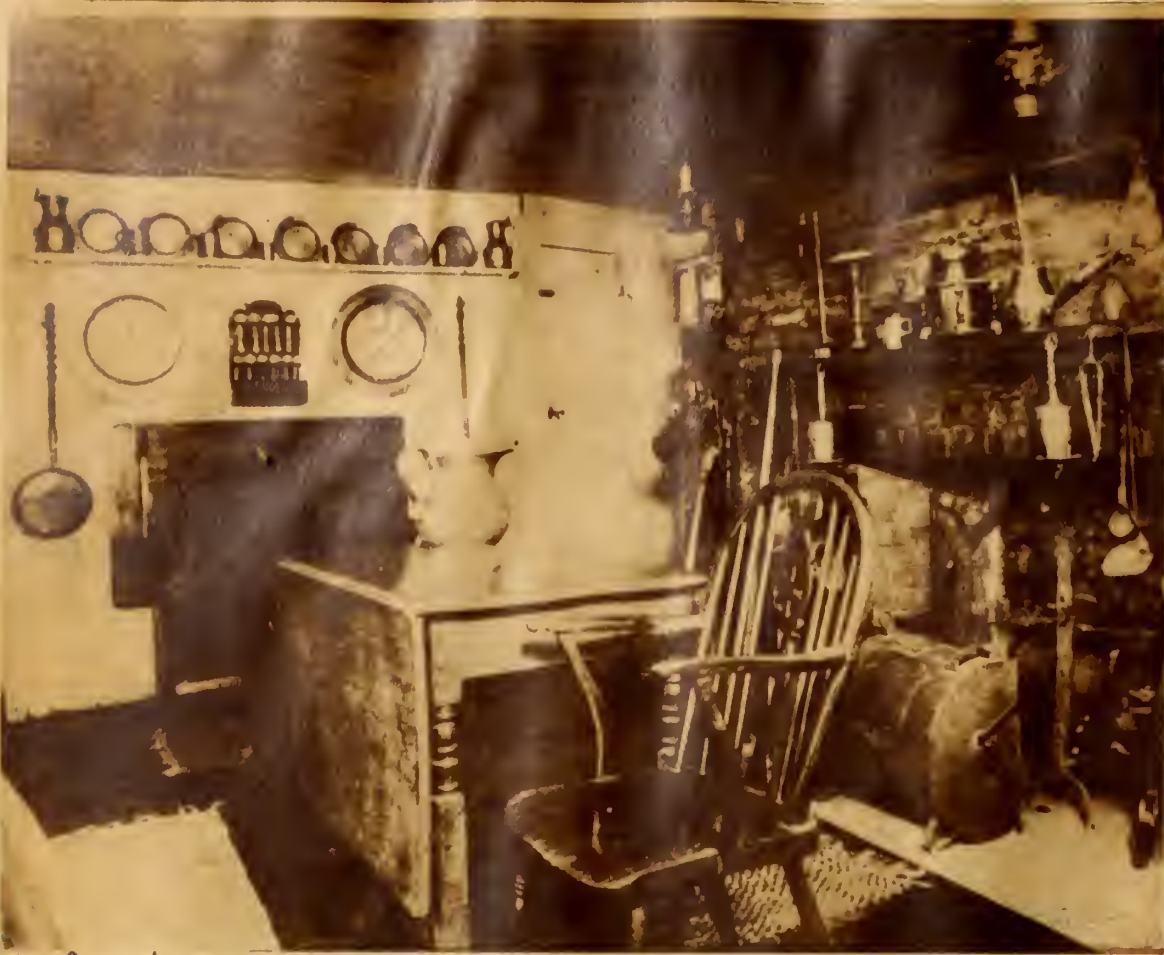
An exile from Home, splendour dazzles in vain! —  
Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again! —  
— The birds, singing gaily that came at my call —  
Give me them! — and the peace of mind dearer than all!

Home, home! sweet, sweet Home!  
There's no place like Home!  
There's no place like Home!

John Howard Payne,  
Washington Aug: 10: 1850.

For his friend Charles H. Brainerd.





*Globe Oct 4 1936* THE OLD KITCHEN OF "HOME, SWEET HOME"

Here, in the Payne Shrine, is gathered a rare collection of antique furniture, some almost priceless china and a host of Payne relics. The kitchen is a room that tugs at the heart. It makes the visitor understand the poet's heart-sick cry, "Oh, give me my lowly thatch'd cottage again!"

**BOOK REVIEW** By JOHN K. HUTCHENS  
*Tribune, Mar. 5, 1957*

AMERICA'S FIRST HAMLET. By Grace Overmyer. New York University. 439 pages. \$6.50.

ALL the warm, wet tears that have been shed since 1823 to the strains of "Home, Sweet Home" have washed away a good deal else that ought to be remembered about the man who wrote its lyrics, Grace Overmyer contends. It is as good a reason as any for the first reasonably complete biography of John Howard Payne, a talented, erratic, winning fellow who began as an actor and wound up as a diplomat. There have been those—including Payne and, I suspect, Miss Overmyer—who would not regard this as progress.



John Howard Payne at about fifty—from a daguerreotype by Brady.

**How Great?**

But if his end was melancholy, he had his great days—though I further suspect that neither they nor he were so

great as Miss Overmyer suggests. A specialist in adapting French plays into English, was he truly "a more active and important pioneer" in the theater than any American of his period? His latest biographer is never quite specific about this. Her title—"America's First Hamlet"—is accurate, but it really isn't very significant, either. In 1809, at seventeen, Master Payne was indeed the first native-born American to play the Dane: one of a series of juvenile tragedians who, as another chronicler has observed, would better have been at home in bed than on the stage.

However, while Miss Overmyer is claiming rather too much she is also finely restoring a curious personality and a fascinating time; and, like the conscientious scholar she is, she has sent some old legends packing. To what must be the dismay of East Hampton, L. I., she doubts that Payne ever lived in the cottage that is now his shrine there. When he wrote "Home, Sweet Home," he wasn't a down-and-out, yearning expatriate. He was living prosperously in Paris, midway in his twenty-year, self-willed absence from America.

**Boy Wonder**

That he was a genuine prodigy there can be no doubt. At fourteen he so successfully edited a New York theater magazine that the city's intellectuals sought him out and were not disappointed. At the same age he wrote a play produced at the Park Theater with a first-rate cast. By comparison, Truman Capote in our own time was clearly a case of arrested development. Miss Overmyer speculates briefly on the possibility that the play's failure chilled the creative urge in Payne, then sees him off to Union College at Schenectady in 1806, where he stayed for two years before taking to the boards. Time was flying, and he could not very well wait until another, more rewarding institution, named after the first Secretary of the Treasury, would open in 1812 over near Utica.

"The American Roscius," Master Payne's billing ran, a label fixed on him by some early-day Richard Maney—and a sensational success he would seem to have been until the stunt's novelty wore off. He had charm but not power, and juveniles don't last forever, as he was also to learn in England. Luckily for him, he could write.

**A Man and His Time**

The exact date of his debut as Hamlet apparently is not available, but Miss Overmyer has been at admirable pains to learn what it meant to be an actor in America in 1809-'13 and a

playwright in England when a writer was at the mercy of managers and could only hope to have a friend like Washington Irving to ward off creditors. She knows the look of New York in 1832 and the routine of an English debtor's prison, which Payne knew all too well. She has more to tell than any other Payne biographer about his proposal to Shelley's widow, Mary, and her rejection of him, and about the noblest act of his life, his appeal to the American conscience on behalf of the Cherokee Indians and their treaty rights.

And, of course, she has much to say about the immortal, the almost accidental, song. It was written as a soprano aria for an operetta entitled "Clari," his total profits from it were a resounding £135, and does any one wonder now why there is an organization known as ASCAP

for the protection of song writers? But Payne's life was full of ironies, including a final, whopping one. When he died in 1852 at Tunis, where he was United States Consul, he had a "few brief press notices." When his remains were brought home thirty years later, he had a hero's welcome. It was a little late, but Miss Overmyer's substantial book happily is not.









BOSTON PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 9999 08582 262 3

JUN 2 1937

